O railroad touched the village. It was one of those little communities so common in the four and feed to be taken over munities so common in Mort Fraternity. They would not like the feed in the feed named and the feed of the feed of the feed and four and feed to be taken over munities so common in Mort Fraternity. They would not like the feed in the feed named and the feed named to feed the feed named and the feed named and the feed named and the feed named the feed named and the feed named and the feed named and the feed named and terrible things. He good and the feed named named the feed nam

A clean, well painted, frugal, happy little village—worth knowing. Its name dated it; it was called Fraternity and cated it; it was called Fraternity and control fragal, the seen a bull moose in the road hand country fraternity, and other fraternity, and other fraternity, and other fraternity, and other fraternity, and control fraternity, and control fraternity, and control fraternity and control fraternity, and control fraternity, and control fraternity, and control fraternity, and fraternity, and fraternity and control fraternity, and control fraternity and control fraternity and control fraternity, and control fraternity and control fraternity, and control fraternity and control fraternity, and control fraternity and contr

No railroad touched the town. This has been said before, but bears repeat-ing; for it is a fact of some significance, as though you said of a man: "He has never been in a city." In default of the railroad there was a stage. The stage was an automobile just two squeaks and a rattle ahead of total dissolution. It came up from Union each late afternoon or early evening, fetching the mail and sometimes a passenger or so. The mail, a limp gray sack, was deposited at the post omce; the stage ratted on.

The post office was in Will Bissell's store. Will Bissell's store was unremarkable; as like a thousand counter-para as Fraternity was like a thousand other viliages. It was a little corner grocery; a little country store, and nothing more than that.
This estimate of Will's store, however,

was not at all in accord with the ideas of Andy Wattles

heart. Dusty cigars, brown-oozing plugs, weary candles, indestructible chewing gum. He knew the place of each, in the counter along the wall. Across the store hung heavy woolen socks and Pontiacs and packs and boots and Mackinaws—all the winter garb of the people of Fraternity. Beyond a partition, on tables and shelves outspread, were china, toys, ginghams, cartridges, buttons, scythes, calicoes axes, overalls, nails, sugar-cured hams, ax heives, strips of bacon, iron wedges and perfumery. Down in the cellar, sack piled on sack, enough grain and feed were stored away to supply man and beast of Fraternity through a six and beast of Fraternity through a six months' siege, and there were the rich brown barrels, sticky with molasses, or smelling pungently of vinegar, or dripping cider that would be vinegar cellar and store were as full of

treasures as a robbers' cave. There was not a thing in the world that Andy's imagination could desire which he could not discover in some recess of the store. And he loved to go about, during the long days when cus-

his," Luke insisted, stubbornly; and Andy, wide-eyed, asked over Luke's shoulder: "What did you do?" "I didn't figure I had any appointment with a bull moose," said Luke, unctuously. "I turned my old flivver on its two hind wheels and come back

thirty. No other way. THEN some one told how a cow

moose had chased a horse and buggy half a mile that spring; an- its pine tops black below him. For other remembered the bull that had minutes he delayed there, staring treed a man the fall before. Tale foldown into the valley, but in the end

on. A bird in a bush beside the road

Andy paid no great heed to all this beauty. He looked long at the swamp,

before it. All the distant western hills were purple; those nearer were blue. Yet through this blue the dark green of the pines and the lighter hues of birch tops appeared distinctly.

The horse stopped quietly enough. It with Will's wagon, had wandered off the pines are the purple of the pines and the lighter than the pines are the purple of the pines and the lighter than the property of the pr before it. All the distant western his eyes goggled into the shadows.

sang a broken little song drowsily, bed. "What have you got, anyway?" and at last was still. he demanded. "Grub?" \* \* \* -

THERE was that in his tone which

unctuously. "I turned my old flivver on its two hind wheels and come back out of there."

Jean Bubier laughed his scornful laugh. "You should have hit him laugh. "You should have hit him the horse stated at the wagon, and have a staid creature, not given to alarms. Another man appeared at the beyond, and was grazing there. It was a staid creature, not given to alarms. Another man appeared at the beyond, and was grazing there. It was a staid creature, not given to alarms. Another man appeared at the wagon, and Andy had a sit stirred. From the chimney of a air stirred. From the south light smoke rose straight up in a feathery column. A cow lowed in Motley's barn. Four orows came winging down the valley alove the swamp, silent and furtive as they sped toward their roosting place. They saw Andy on the hill, and the thing the horse stopped quietly enough. It was a staid creature, not given to alarms. Another man appeared at the was not found till morning. It must have been, then, midnight or after when Andy came to himself. It was not found till morning.

It must have been, then, midnight or after when Andy came to himself. It was not found till morning.

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It must have been, then, midnight or after when Andy came to himself. It was not found till morning.

It must have been, then, midnight or after when Andy was not slow to take many the was not found till morning.

It must have been, with was not found till morning.

It must have been and the midner. It was not found till morning.

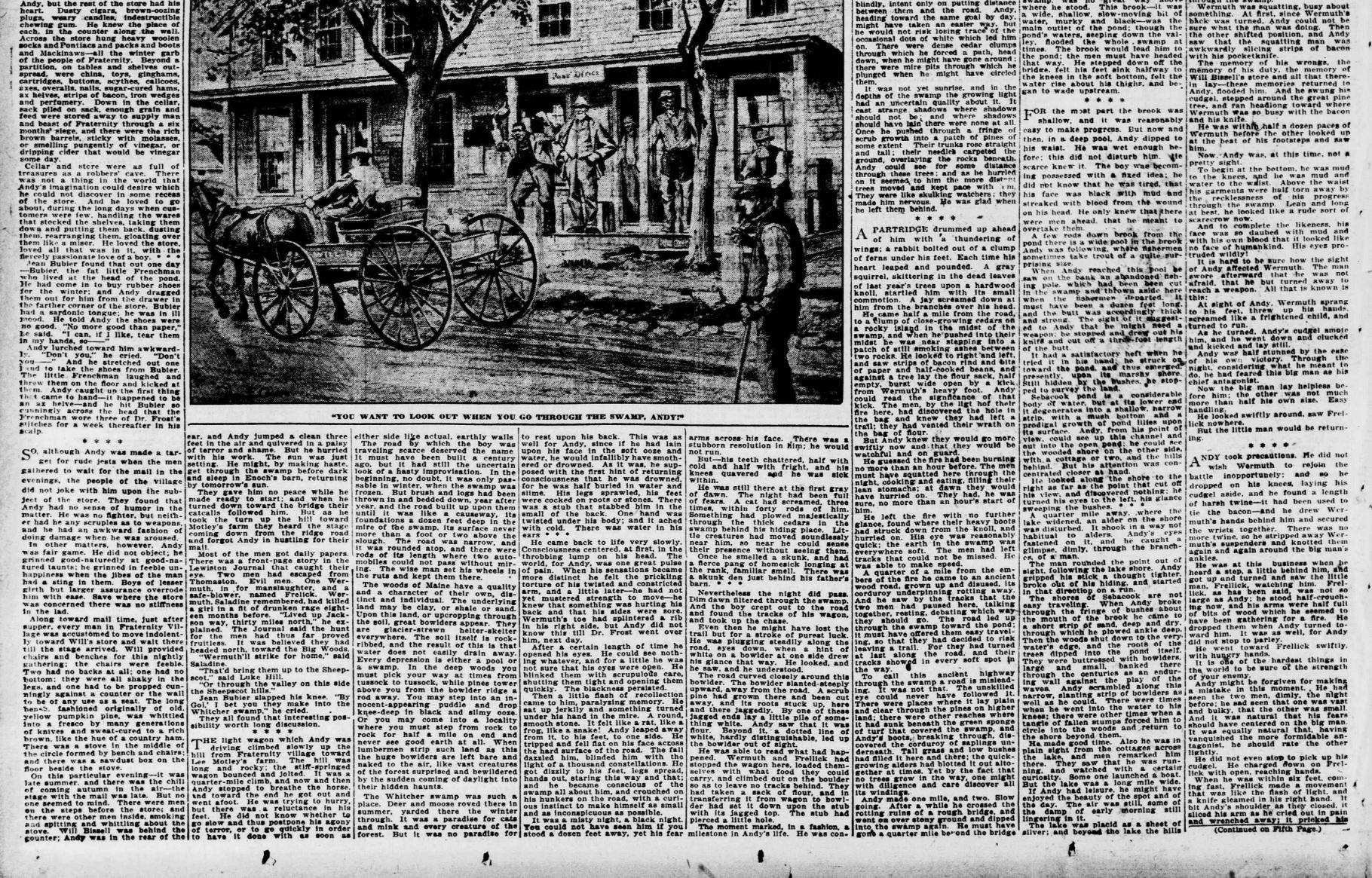
It must have been and the midner was not found till morning.

I The man looked back into the wagon of the water, and they were dry and bed. "What have you got, anyway?" serviceable. Andy scratched one on the box, searched the road and identified the tracks of the wagon he had been driving. The wagon had not turned; it had gone on. He used two more matches in convincing himself that the men had climbed into the



Schoook pond, at the head of the swamp. Was no great way above where them and the road. Andry, heading toward the same goal by day, might have taken an easier way, but he would not risk losing trace of the occasional dots of white which led him on. There were dense cedar clumps through which he forced a path, head down, when he might have gone around there were mire pits through which he plunged when he might have circled them.

It was not yet surrise, and in the depths of the swamp the growing light had an uncertain quality about it. It cast strange shadows where shadows should not be; and where shadows should not be;



## THE CASE OF PADAGES PALMAS

One of the Strange Adventure of Barney, a possibilities in population of the property and took the policy and took the north property and took

dresser waiting to hand him a wig and a revolver, the room pictures equely hung with costumes and dis-guises, handcuffs and leg-irons, dodg-ers that offered rewards for desperate

guises, handcuffs and leg-irons, dodgers that offered rewards for desperate
captures ("dead or alive") and sets
of burglars' tools and the weapons of
outlawry, the latter arranged decoratively on the walls after the manner of a collection of trophies.

And Barney's better judgment accepted that picture from his inebriated young imagination without really
knowing that he had accepted it—
until he was called from the outer
public office of the bureau into Babbing's private room, and found the
famous detective sitting at a tabledesk, in a swivel chair, reading his
morning mail like the manager of
any successful business at work in
the office of any successful business
manager. "Sit down," Babbing said,
without looking at him.

Barney sat down, against the wall.
He was conscious of the stimulating
disappointment—the interested surprise in disillusion—that reality gives
to the alert romantic mind. So to

speak.

The office was as commonplace and average as Babbing's conventional business clothes. There was nothing on the walls but some framed photographs of office groups. There was no furniture on the desk but tele-

Babbing apparently forgot him in

"I see." Babbington said. And Bar



Barney smiled an apology for the absurdity of mothers. "Yes, sir."

A clerk opened the door. Babbing cossed a letter across the table to him. "Find out who that fellow is. Right away."

The clerk reported: "Mr. Snider has just come in." Babbing continued with reading. The clerk went out, ignored even by Barney—as the commander's civilian secretary would be ignored by a young uniform.

"So you told her what?"

"I tol' her I was waitin' in an office with a telegram yeste'day 'n'—they wanted an office boy, 'n —they offered me twelve a week. An' I took it."

He got \$500 under the old man's nose, put it in the bag and went off to make a deposit with the contractor who was to do the remodeling. One of the boys from the hotel happened to be at the Central depot about 3 o'clock, and he thought he saw Palmer going through the gates, but hadn't turned up for dinner. He was afraid Palmer had been blackjacked!

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sand. And the New York draft turned out to be phoney.

the perusal of a two-page letter closely typed. His eyes parted with it reluctantly. "Did you tell any one Palmer had made a clean getaway." There was nothing in his trunk but not see the drift of it. When some hotel sheets and bundles of old they issued on 42d street again and newspapers to give it weight. Our boys are at work on it."

Babbing had finished his correspond. he began to understand.

get a good description of him?"
"Yes, but he was wearing a beard

THIS was good fun, but Barney did window." not see the drift of it. When y issued on 42d street again and ried to cross toward the Beaumont began to understand.

window."

"I see. I'm your rich uncle from Kansas City. You're Barney Cook, my New York nephew. Go ahead and telephone. Get me a Tribune." And Babbing, refusing the offices of the girl started to cross toward the Beaumont

a test of character and passed an examination in discretion. He had no suspicion that Babbing's absent-minded manner was almost as much of a disguise as if it had been put on with spirit-gum. He was waiting for Eabbing to finish with the letters and direct him to his work.

"Don't use the public office here in at 1056." He turned to a phone. "Tell Snider I'll see him." He pressed a call Snider I'll see him." He pressed a call button. "You'll have to start by lesserday morning. And there was nothing to speak the English language," he ing to speak the English language," he get a good description of him?"

"He'd arrived last night. Did you many?"

"He'd arrived last night. Did you many?"

"He'd arrived last night. Did you get a good description of him?" ence. He began to walk up and down the room in an idle interval. "He's probably in town here now."

They mounted the Beaument's marble and approached of hat, raincoat and umbrances of ha

man's nose, sent off to contractor to contractor to contractor telling. One il happened of about 3 the saw gates, but till the old use Palmer er. He was lackjacked!

"Yes," Babbing said, "that's the one. Are these fresh?"

"I opened it myself yesterday." The box was still full.

"I' don't much like them fresh."

The clerk tried to look his indifference. "We don't keep—"

"You can keep four of those," Babbing call. There's probably a mistake in the name. Thomas Sullivan in cheerfully and passed on. If break in the name. Thomas Sullivan in cheerfully and passed on. Barney followed him. And Barney could feel the clerk's eyes witheringly on his back.

"The were at the dining room door."

"To provide the Padages Palmas. It's a fairly well known Hayana, but to said. "We'll the easiest way for you to tell it, the easiest way for you to tell it, the easiest way for you to tell it, the band around the middle."

The clerk had turned his back to get a box from the shelves behind him. His ears were red. "Yes," Babbing slowed his pace. "My name's Thomas Oliphant," he said. "We'll get a table near him. Then you go to the telephone and call up the office. Chal as soon as I can phone. If other him I'm in the deling-room, here, and I want to be paged as Thomas Sullivan. Make him insist on the "Thomas." Don't forget that. Tell him they've paged me as Sullivan and I don't answer. Then join me at the table. Sullivan'll stop the box was still full.

"I' don't much like them fresh."

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"You can keep four of those," Babbing slowed him. And Barney could feel the clerk's eyes witheringly on his back.

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"You can keep four of those," Babbing slowed him. And Barney could feel the clerk's eyes witheringly on his back.

The clerk had turned his back to the telephone and call' up the office. Chal as soon as I can phone. If the telephone and call' up the office. Tell him I'm in the diming-room, here, and I want to be paged as T

at the coat rack, went to meet the paper at Babbing's desk. head waiter with all his incumbrances of hat raincast and rain

tiously, in veiled terms, for fear some one might overhear him; and he was almost back to the dining room before he recollected that he was to get a Tribune. Consequently, Babbing in his spectacles, seated at a side table, back to back with the suspected Sullivan, was concluding his order to the waiter when Barney joined them; and it was evident that there had been some difficulty over the menu. "Now,

By Harvey J. O'Higgins.

It was pressing business. They had been trying all morning to get him on the phone.

In ten minutes the engaging Sullivan had moved to the vacant chair opposite Barney, had lighted one of his Padages Palmas rather gaudily, and was listening to Babbing with a flattering admiration showing in his bluish-gray eyes. It developed that Sullivan was interested in Cobalt mines, heavily interested; in fact, he owned one in partnership with some New York mining experts. Being questioned by Babbing upon the rating of the Bonanza mine in the Beaver district, he remarked that it was a hole in the ground, hopeless as an investment. It was not a mine at all, but merely a trap for suckers. Babbing was much taken aback.

Sullvan blossomed and expanded in that atmosphere of trust. He and his partners were building a hotel for the tourist trade near their mine. He had been working on the plans for the building. They had discovered one of the finest, if not the finest, spring of mineral water on the continent. And so forth.

He leaned back in his chair, making

large gestures with his cigar and smiling a broad, indulgent smile. He flattered Barney. "A mighty bright toy, your nephew. A mighty bright boy. I'd like to have a boy like that boy. I'd like to have a boy like that in my business."

"Not much!" Barney said, pertly. "I'm going in with uncle."

Some of Babbing's coffee got in his wind-pipe at that moment, and he coughed himself red in the face. Barney bart a straight mouth.

understand? That if give us an it is troduction to him. Where is he? Don't point."

They were at the dining room door. "There he is—over at that last window."

"I see. I'm your rich uncle from I'm see. I'm you're Harney Cook, my I'm see. I'm you're Harney Cook, my I'm see. I'm you're Harney Cook, my I'm see I'm see

hurried into Babbing's pirta morning to find Chal Smider reading a morning to find Chal Smider reading a morning to find Challenges and the control of the c

head waiter with all his incumbrances of hat, raincoat and umbrella. He had evidently a somewhat countrified reluctance to trust his things out of his sight.

The multiplicity of instructions which Barney had to remember weighed him down to deliberate and cautious movement. He went slowly to the telephone; it took him some time to get Babbing bureau; he gave his message to Snider hesitatingly, cautiously, in veiled terms, for fear some one might overhear him; and he was

seeder of 15 aws 150. "In present a comparison of the seed of the comparison of the seeder of the seeder

you." He jumped up suddenly and alapped himself on top of the head with a comical gestrare. "Twe got to get papers for him. Put Archibald wise to what's coming." He darted out the door with unexpected agility and Barney hastened to find Archibald. Either Archibald had no sense of humor or it was inhibited by a stronger sense of digalty. Barney's story provoked no smile from him. "Walt in the operatives' room," he said drily. "If we need you, we'll eall you. Leave the bag here." The operatives' room was a large inner office fitted up wi'll Tesks in t show-

The Title, "Says Lardner The pages of a telephone directory page after page, slowly, as if he had been at it for hours and expected to continue it for hours. Barney sat down in a corner and waited. No call came for him. He imagined the scene between Archibaid, Babbing and Mr. Thomas Sullivan, when they should but the swinded awinder under arrest; but he had to take it out in imagining. The operatives came and went as busily as reporters turning in their coupy, but ne one apoke to him. And Barney became vaguely awars of one fact about the life of detectives for which fieldon had not prepared him. Like the private soldier in a campaign, the operative of a decided by the pages of the pages of the pages. The page is the page is the page is the page is the page in seeded in the affairs of Charles Q. Palmer, and he was not invited to watch the swinders assonishment when his bag was produced as evilenced with the warrant for his arrived with the warr

appeared and Barney stood up smiling to greet him. "Go home and tell your mother what

tell her to keep it to herself. I want you to come to Philadelphia with me you to come to Philadelphia with me tofsight. Get yourself a suit case. And bring a suit of old clothes—the shabblest you've got. \* \* Here, Clark!" he called. 'Show this boy how to make out a requisition for expense money. He'll need twenty-five or thirty dollars. Be back here by to'clock."

"Yes, sit." Barney hesitated. "Did you get him?"

you get him?"
"Who? Palmer? Oh, yes. Yes. He's
held for return to Chicago. Run along
now. Be here sharp at \$, with your bag packed. And tell your mother not to mark your linen—except with your initials. Understand?"
"Yes, sir." Babbing regarded him whimsically.

"How do you like being a detective?"
"Oh, gee!" Barney grinned. "It's
great, chief!"
Babbing gave him a parting pat on the shoulder. "All right, boy," he said.
"I'm glad you like it." And Barney
did not understand why his tone of
voice was depreciative. (Copyright, 1920.)

## Another Man's Poison

(Continued from Second Page.)

reach.
The little man was as deadly dan-The little man was as deadly dangerous as a cat; and when Andy leaped away, Frellick came after him on tiptoe, lightly treading, and there was plain murder in his eyes.

The little man had never killed, but he was willing to.

Be it recorded that in that moment Andy was not afraid. After the first shock of amazement and pain at the knife play, he was mad, and he was cool.

was reaching for another, and Andy swept up a steaming spray of water from the lake into the little man's face, blinding him for an instant, and in that instant again charged home.

The boy at this time had suffered a splintered rib or two; he had taken three knife thrusts, and his left arm three knife thrusts, and three knife thrusts, and three knife th

teeth; and so did Andy. They did, each to each, a surprising amount of damage in a very little time, and they created a commotion on the lake shore that was quite plainly visible from the cottages across Sebacook, with a glass to aid the eye.

The end came abruptly enough. Frellick reached for Andy's face, got two fingers inside Andy's cheek and a humb into Andy's cheek and a pulled.

Well, the old devil! How did he ink of that!".

Search me!" Barney grinned.

\*\* \* \*

CLERK came in with the keyst the sounder water and held him there.

him there.
Frellick let go of Andy's face; he caught Andy's wrists; he kicked and he twisted; and then he ceased to kick or twist. When Frellick was still, Andy banged his head on the bottom in an indolent, rather apathetic way once or twist, and then thetic way, once or twice; and then he dragged the little man out and threw him saide upon the bank. Frelick was not dead, but he was not so very much alive.

Andy looked around—he was a little dead and his avery ware heavy THE Trom Thomaston that

certain men had escaped their cells and struck north into the woods had spread quickly through Fraternity and her pleasant neighbor towns. The cottagers on Sebacook had heard, and those men who started across the lake in a boat, at sight of Andy on the shore, had the matter in mind.

They landed, in scrambling haste, a few minutes after Andy had left Frellick; and they saw that the little man would live, and so secured him. A little later, groping through the tangie, they discovered Wermuth by his curses. Andy they found hast of all, and when the found him they laughed aloud. For Andy had gathered up the mutitle lated strip of bacon, the ravished bag of beans, and all the odds and ends of provender that had been stolen from his wagon; and he had stacked them quite carefully in a neat little pile. When they discovered him Andy was lying with his arms around this pile of treasures, his cheek pillowed on the bacon strip.

And he was peacefully and thoroughly asleep.

The men thought this so ridiculous a sight, and they were so amused to leave civil life, how they had been roughly asleep.

The men thought this so ridiculous a sight, and they were so amused to think that Andy had come so far and risked so much for a few groceries, that they laughed long and loud, then and thereafter. They laugh still, when the story is told over for the hundredth time while they wait for the mail around the stove in Will Bissell's store. and struck north into the woods had spread quickly through Fraternity and

## od inky syldences of long use, typewritere that rattled lossely, and battered filing cabinets. Two men were getting out reports on their typewriters; a third was searching the



HER AND WISECRACKER WAS WALKING TOGETHER DOWN THE AVENUE DU TOM ET JERRY.

he was willing to he willing to he was willing to he willing to was made of the company and the elect in the face. Barney said he was the was will be he was a many at the he was the was the

private forest.

"A Squirrel Woman!" he husked to himself, and indeed her features was a ringer for the furry little reptile that lives off of nuts.

"Listen" he yodelled, and the girl own council, aldermen and mayor the little time showed.

"I suppose you are hungry," she bayed. "Men usually do."
Arnold Wisseracker was much amused, for that was our hero's name.

FOR a wk. they lived in adjoining whiffle trees ,the well groomed New Yorker and the Lady of the Squirrels. One day wile they was setting on a root eating their breaklie prostrate from evils dreadful to suffer and mournful to behold, results that Wisecracker was squawking. Squirrels. One day wile they was



rat, and went after her with traps and poison.

"Don't die in the house," they had implored her times without number.

"Now, tell me about yourself," she smacked him. "What was you doing before you come to these here woods?"

"Well," he bit off with a faint smirk, "just before I come here I cleaned up in Wall street."

"Maybe you knowed my brother," ahe burst. "He use to be a white wings."

WAS ISSUED BY MAYOR

ingtonians were intrusted with the ballot and elected their own council, aldermen and "Listen," he yodelled, and the girl seeing him for the 1st. time showed her squirrel teeth in a leer.
"Listen yourself you big bum," came the reply; and the Squirrel Woman lept to the ground like a born leper.

The proclamation of Mayor Richleper. The proclamation of the point resolution is she ard Wallach and the joint resolution of the proclamation of the proclam of the common council and board of

aldermen follows: Proclamation by the Mayor of Washington City. Mayor's Office, Washington,

November 20, 1862. Whilst another section of our coundences of His grace.
For that manifestation and this benediction it behooves us to be thankful; and I, therefore, and in com-

pliance with the following joint resolution of the City Councils, request my fellow-citizens to abstain from secular employment, and assembling in their respective places of wor-ship, on Thursday, 27th instant, unite with reverent love in grateful ex-pressions to Almighty God. RICHARD WALLACH, Mayor.

RICHARD WALLACH, Mayor.

Joint Resolution Appointing a Day
of Thanksgiving.

Whereas it is becoming in a Christian people to return thanks to the
Giver of all good for the manifold
blessings He vouchsafes them as a
community, and whereas it is peculiarly appropriate that the city of
Washington should unite with her
sister cities in the observance of a
day of public thanksgiving and praise. day of public thanksgiving and praise "LISTEN," ME YODELLED, AND THE GIRL SHOWED HER SQUIR
PROJECT OF THE PROJECT OF and of fraternal feeling throughout the Union, inviting all citizens to abstain from their usual secular em-ployments and to unite in a proper

observance of the day.

ALEX. R. SHEPHERD.

President of Board of Common Council.

JOSEPH F. BROWN,

President of Board of Aidermen.

Approved November 8, 1862.

RICHARD WALLACH.

Myor

Giving Bill the Laugh. DAVID BELASCO at a dinner in

"Well, Bill," he said genially, "how's the new show going?" "Only so-so, Dave; only so-so." "Sorry to hear that, Bill."

see, we produced on Friday-an unlucky day, you know. Then there was the car strike; that hit us where was the car strike; that hit us where we lived. And we'd hardly recovered from the blow when Lent came on. Of Course, Dave, business always falls off in Lent."

Mr. Belasco gave a loud laugh.

"Bill." he said, "I'll tell you what's the trouble with that show of yours. You brought it out too soon after the San Francisco earthquake."